

# The Ford International Weekly THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the  
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**M**EMORIAL DAY is the nation's Sabbath of Remembrance. Falling within the loveliest season of the year, where blooming May and opulent June clasp hands, it is redolent of new beginnings purchased as new beginnings ever are, at a cost.

The fathers, by whose desire the day was set apart, wrought better than they knew. It would have been natural, as they regarded their comrade dead, had the thought of harvest come to them, and with it a fancy that harvest grain best decked the graves of the fallen. But some sure instinct guided them, and they chose rather the promise of the Springtime than the fulfillment of the Autumn to symbolize memorial reverence.

All this has a peculiar fitness. Men die to abolish wrong, and in their death fulfill their term. But the energy generated by a sacrificial death is far too potent to cease with negation and abolition; the inherent life of sacrifice renews itself, springs up again, becomes creative; and though the soldier's death brings Winter to the wrong, his dying brings in with high acclaim the Springtime of the Right. Memorial Day is not the celebration of an End, but of a Beginning, fresh and fertile as the Spring, a promise purchased by men who counted not their lives too dear to them.

Therefore, the flowers of hedge and garden, the wildlings of the woods and the blooms of culture take a common path today—to battlefields that lie afar from the highways of travel, to the Acre of God that sleeps serenely outside a thousand villages, to the marbled avenues of capital cemeteries—for the soil of all is sanctified by the dust of men who died, and who, because they died in sacrifice, will live in memory as long as the Spring and the flowers return to bless the earth.

Memorial Day is growing old, but its memories are growing younger. At first but one war rested a sacred residue upon its altar, and now two other wars have come and gone, and a longer span of our national history gathers itself into one solemn sentiment often as this Sabbath of Remembrance rolls around. We now remember the fathers who fought for the continuity of the Union in the long struggle of the War between the States. We remember also the brothers who fought the Spanish-American War which put an end to an anguished situation in a neighboring isle. And last of all, so recent that the pain of it still freshly throbs,

the sons of this generation who crossed the sea and fought among an alien people of a strange tongue for the beatitude of peace.

This Memorial Day has wider sweep than any other, for now it embraces every spot whereon a soldier of America manfully met his death, or where now he may be resting, his conquest won. They are strewing flowers today upon the waters off the rocky coast of Scotland and upon cross-marked graves in English churchyards. In the blasted forest of the Argonne where the tendrils of Spring wreath round the ruin of trees, at Chateau Thierry and at Brest, there are hearts remembering the boys who died. At the hill of San Juan, and in the far-off Philippines, and along the Mexican border—this new Memorial Day dawns with its message.

It is a dear day to those who know the sacrifice of war as personal bereavement—the son, the brother, the sweetheart, husband or father invests the day with a personal distinction no formal recognition could give. We stand aside with bared heads and sympathizing souls as the Next of Kin pass into the Field of Flowers. They know whom they remember.

But what of the rest, the beneficiaries of the strife, who were not called to pay its cost in life or tears?—what of the rest to whom the war is History and not heart-break?

The duty of Memorial Day presses heavy upon them, for it is a duty. They *must* remember. If they cannot, they must be taught.

And what shall they remember?

That the foundations of our national life were laid in blood, the walls of its security cemented in blood, the rich soil of its future promise made fertile with blood—the blood of men like ourselves.

That thrice the youth of this nation has assembled at the Nation's summons, clear-eyed boys not yet stained by selfish strife,

and went forth singing because they thought they saw Liberty leading the van.

That this nation, so redeemed, is bound by solemn spoken obligations to see that those who died, died not in vain. We sent them out with our promise; they died with our promise in their hearts; across the silent spaces of the world that promise is wafted back to us, a challenge from the dead. We must redeem our word; we must complete the task which once was theirs, and now is ours.



(C) Keystone

BURIAL OF BODIES OF A. E. F. BROUGHT FROM FRANCE,  
IN ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY.